THE MEIR OF COLLINGTOUN.

NEWLY REVISED.

Being very delectable, pleasant, and inoffensive to any Reader.

Compiled and Corrected by P. D.

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The Meir of Collingtoun,

A Hether-man, as I heard say,
Senlyne, I think, a week or tway,
Came cantly cracking out the way,
None with him but his Meir:
Who being late, he bade her ride.
And with a spur did jag her side,
But ay the silly meir bad bide,
And further would not steir.
2. But lay down on the fair high street,
And shooting out both head and feet.
She meekly spake these words so sweet:
Your spurring will not make it.
Oft have I trust your hether crame,
And born your self right oft-times hame:
With many a toom and hungery wame.
When thou hast been well packed.
3. But now is come my fatal end.
With you I may no further wend,
To my sweet hulsie me commend.
And all the rest at home.
Oft have I born upon my banes,
Hath caused their beards wag at anes:
But now for me they may chew staues,
well never meet again,
4. The silly Carl for wo he grat.
And down upon his arse he sate.
The night was foul, he was all wat
And perished of cauld.

Yet

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Yet with himself he did advise
Longer to sit he were not wise,
Then pray'd the silly Weir to rise.
And draw her to some hauld.
5. But no more then she had been dead,
She could remove her from that stead:
When he did preass to lift her head
Her arse fell down behind.
Then in a grief he did her hail,
And drugged both at mein and tail:
And other parts he could best wail,
Then bade her take the wind.
6. Then did he take forth of a wallat,
Some draff, whereon this weir did mallat.
Which fiercely gart her lift her pallat
Nor all the rest before.
She ate therof with so good will.
While, I wot well, she had her fill,
When she was full then she lay still,
And would not eat no more:
7. But start on foot, as it would be,
None being their but she and he:
The night was cold, and bitterly
It blattered on of rain.
The Carl was cold, the sooth to say.
And fain he would have been away
For passed was the light of day,
And night was come again.
8. Yet with himself he did advise,
Longer to sit he were not wise,
Then pray'd the silly Weir to rise,
And draw her to some hold.
Then foot for foot they went together,
But oft she fell, the gate was slidder:
Yet where to take her he did swidder.
While at the last, he would.

9. He warily did her weils and weild
To Cullingtoun broom, a full good beild,
And warmest als in all that field,
And there he bade her hids her;
For there if Duncan apprehend thee,
With sore sad stroaks in deed he'll end thee,
I pray thee, from his wrath defend thee:
Sine he sate down beside her.
10. And bade good-night, my darling dear,
My bread-winner this many a year:
Alace, that I should leave thee here,
So willsome of thy wain.
Dear Master quoth this Meir, ye shent you,
For my distemper to torment you,
Sober thy kind heart, and repent you,
We'll never meet again.
11. With this they shed, as I heard say,
With many a shout and wall-away,
Referring to a brave new day,
To make her latter will.
But truly as the case befell,
(And here the truth I mind to tell)
They never met by twenty till,
That purpose to fulfil.
12. By which arose right great dissention,
Such deadly feeds, and hot contention:
For many, of a wrong intention,
Alledg'd some of her gear.
And they before who ever saw her;
For in her life dis never knaw her
That they were of her kin did shaw her,
As after ye shal here
13. The Carl went home, a weary groom,
But she all night amongst the broom,
Lay still, both weary, faint and toom
Quhile morn that it was day,

Then

Then forth came Duncan on the morrow,
As he had been to ride on sorrow.
With a long sling which he did borrow,
To chase the Weir away.
14. He hit her two'r three routs indeed,
And bade her pass sweith from this stead:
If thou bide here, I'le be thy deed,
With that he gave her a lounder,
While mouth and nose rusht out of blood,
She staggered also where she stood;
For she was tint for fault of food,
And so it was no wonder.
15 Yet quoth this Beast with heavy chear,
I pray you, Duncan, thole me here,
Until the out-come of the year:
And then, if I grow better.
I shal remove, I you assure.
Though I were near so weak or poor,
And seek my meat through Currie Moor,
As fast as I may swatter.
16. When he perceived it was so,
That from that part she could not go.
Into a grief he past her fro,
And would no longer tarry:
But sent pet peacock in a fray,
For to have chast this Weir away,
With a long kent, as I heard say,
And in a fiery fary.
Ran to the Mill and fetcht the lowper,
Wherewith he hit her on the shoulder,
While he dangt't all in grush like powder,
He laid it on so sicker:
Then from these bounds he bade her pack her
Or else he swore that he would smack her.
Then through the meadow she did rake her,
As fast as she might bicker,

But

18. But at the laſt, this Beaſt being poor.
Long for to run could not endure,
He did o'retake her in Fordel Moor.
And put her in a tether,
Then laid upon her hoghs and heels,
Commanding her to leave theſe fields.
And bad her paſs to Lidoun ſhields.
And penie among the hether.
19. Pet, quoth this ſilly ſimple Beaſt,
I pray you, Pet, hear my requeſt,
Let me remain this night here Eaſt,
among the broom to reſt me.
And on the morn, I thee behight,
Two hours and more before day-light,
I ſhal to Bavelaw take the flight,
And tell how you have dreſt me.
20. This Petie with her words contented,
Did home ward go and ſore repented
That he this beaſt had ſore tormented.
And in this manner dreſt her
And ſhe both dolorous and wat,
Came poorly creeping down the brae,
With a ſore skin both black and blae
And there ſate down to reſt her.
21. And there from time that ſhe ſate down,
For wearineſs ſhe fell in ſwown.
And ere ſhe wakened. John Calhoun
Came on her with a blatter.
Accompanied with old Pakes Patoun,
And Richie Wareh, who dwelt in Hatoun,
And laid upon her with a batoun,
While all her harns did clatter.
22 To whom this Beaſt all wo began,
O dear Loving honeſt, good, ſweet John,
Let me but this one night alone,
And I wish nor I worrie,

Upon

Upon the morn be I alive.
If I dow either lead or drive,
With dogs ye shal me rug and rive,
If I make not for Currie.
23. Thus he be wailing her punition,
Did leave her upon that condition;
And she but any requisition,
Come down to the killogie,
Where she thought to have lodg'd all night,
And ease her the best way she might:
But a false lown soon saw that sight,
whose name was Willie Scroggie,
24. Who came and took her by the bough,
And with a rung both long and rough,
Laid on her, while she bied enough,
And for dead left her lying.
Into a deadly swoun and trance,
Bewailling fortunes variance,
Her hard misfucks, and heavy chance,
For help and pity crying.
25. But what should any further speaking?
For all her woful cryes and greeting,
Her loving words and fair intreating,
(These fellows were too tyked)
To her they would make no supplie,
Nor yet let her remaining be
Among them but two dayes or three,
Say to them what she liked.
26. This silly Beast being thus confounded,
So deadly hurt misus'd and wounded
With misleant dogs so chas'd and wounded,
In end directs a letter
Of supplication, with John Aird,
To purchase license from the Laird,
That she might bide about the yard,
While she grew some what better.

27. But

But he would no wayes condescended,
To go the message she did send,
For fear he should the Laird offend;
But bade her send John Durie.
And when they were in all their doubts,
A Messenger whose name was Touts,
(A vengeance light on all their snouts)
Came on her in a fury.
28. Who did take forth his sergeants wand,
And gave to her a strait command,
The self-same night to leave that land
Or on the morn to burn her:
Then was this Beast so sore amazed,
Into his face she glowr'd and gazed,
And will not well, she was so bazed,
To what hand for to turn her:
29. But fell down on her filly knees,
And upwards lifting up her eyes,
Said, Touts, my misery thou sees.
Wherfore do not deride it:
But ponder my distress estate,
How I am handled, and what gate,
For I may make no more debate:
No longer can I bide it.
30. Then did she, half-long in despair,
Withdraw her to a place, even where
She thought there should be least repair
And that none should come near her.
But she got never perfect rest,
Go where she list she was oppress;
Wherefore in end it was thought best,
With men away to bear her.
31. And so Rob Roger in an anger,
And Will Thomson, who ay bade hang her,
By sting and lug they did up-hang her,
And bure her down between them.

To

To Duncans burn, and there but dread
They left her & came home good speed
Ye would have laughen well indeed,
So pud'ed to have seen them.
32. For Willie Thomson, well I ween,
Fell in a pool o're both the een,
And ner'r left a bit of him clean,
So through the dubs him carryed.
And Rob who took in hand to guide him,
Ov'r both the lugs he fell beside him.
Then stole away for shame to hide him,
He was so well begaried.
33. This being done, but any mair,
These two they left her lying there,
Suppress with dolour, grief and care,
Who made this protestation:
If any person, far or near,
Within this Parish would compear,
To lend her but ten shillings here,
Upon her obligation.
When the Cleck-Geese leave off to clatter,
And Parasits to fletch and flatter,
And Priests their Watins to pitter patter,
And thieves from theft refrain,
Or yet again, when there shal be
No water in the Ocean sea,
Then she that sum right thankfully
Should pay them home again.
But, oh! alace! for all her moan,
In all these parts there was not one
Would condescend to lend that loan;
For never one did mean her.
And so, alace! she lay still there
But meat and drink eight days and mair:
It would have made a whole heart sair,
In that case to have seen her.

Yet

36. Yet honeſt Antie in the place,
Came and beheld her pale cold face,
And ſaid, For evermore, alact!
I ſee thee ſo miſchived:
Had I knowen of thy wearineſs
They miſery and great diſtreſs,
I ſhould have helpid more or leſs.
And ſo thy ſtrait relieved.
37. I ſhould have put thee in the bank.
Where nettles, graſs and weeds grew rank.
Where wel thou might have fill'd thy ſtank
And fed amongſt the willies:
Or otherwiſe to have rejoic'd thee,
Within the Ward I might have clos'd thee,
Where well, thou mighteſt have repos'd thee
Amongſt the Lairds beſt fillies.
38. To whom this Beaſt ſaid ſoberly,
Sweet Miſtreſs, I moſt heartfully
Do thank you for your courteſie,
So friendly who hath us'd me:
Who hath ſo lovingly reported,
And alſo ſweetly me comforted,
And with your alms me ſupported,
When all my kin refus'd me.
39. Yet more attour ſince there is none
To whom that I can make my moan,
But ſweet Miſtreſs, to you alone,
Before theſe villans gore me,
Though I have neither gear nor gains
For to preſent you for your pains.
If it perturb not all your brains.
Yet this one thing do for me:
40, Go to the Cook with ſpeedy haſte
and run as faſt as ye were chaſt,
And tell that I am dead Almaiſt,
And if ye can allure him,

A diſh

A diſh full of his broth to ſend me,
Which from this cold night may defend me
And if it prove a help to mend me,
Upon my word aſſure him,
41. When winter cold ſhal be but froſt,
And wives for maſtery ſhal not boaſt,
And men of Law wait on but coaſt,
And uſurers take no gains:
Or when ye ſhal ſee Pentland hills,
Being carried down amongſt Leith mills,
Then I wiſh twenty and mo good-wills,
ſhall pleaſe him for his pains.
This meſſage Antie undertook,
And ſpeedily ran to the Cook,
Who found him ſitting in the nook;
And as ſhe was deſired,
Requeſted him right earneſtly
To ſend this ſilly Beaſt ſupply,
And he again right thankfully
Did as he was required.
43. And without grudging or debate,
Did ſend a meikle charger plate
Full of good broth hynd down the gate,
And bade her take a care od.
And with her ſelf likewiſe concluded,
That if ſhe thought it wholeſome food,
And if it did her any good,
The morn ſhe ſhould have mair od.
44. But fra the time this wraked Beaſt
Perceiv't the broth go down her breaſt,
Her tongue from crying never ceaſt,
Till ſhe had made confeſſion;
And ſo came by Sir Tomas Grant,
About the Shines who oft did haunt,
who thought, if ſhe did witneſs want
to hear't, it were oppreſſion.

45. where

45. Wherefore he said unto this Weir,
I see thy death approacheth near,
Then see that thou be very clear,
For death to make thee ready:
For I see by thy visage pale,
Nothing but death for thee but fail,
As freely then tell me your tale,
As if I were your Deddie
46. Then up she hoov'd her hinder heels,
And said (when she lay in the fields)
Though he with me should cast the creills,
And of your help refuse me;
I will no wayes at all think shame,
Though it be contrare to a good name,
To you, sweet father, to proclame,
How long time they did use me.
47. My Maker was a simple man,
Who had nothing but what he wan
By cadging Yether now and than:
At Bavilaw was his winning.
My Mulsie likewise was a wife
Ay holding into flurt and strife,
Who had nothing during her life,
But what she wan by spinning,
48. And I was towsled up and down,
With Yether-cadging to the town.
For fault of food whyles like to swown,
For all that ever I wan them.
But I think plain necessitie
Was it why so they used me:
Wherefore I think assuredlie
I have no cause to ban them.
49. But yet, because they us'd me so;
I thought to make their hearts as wo,
Once to the Butter I did go,
Postponing every peril:

where I found nought but two sheep breeds,
Some haggise bags, and two nolt heads,
Wich two's three peck of sowing seeds,
Well tramped in a barrel.
50 I took the seeds where I thought best,
With hunger being so sore oppress,
And ate of them while they might last,
When all the rest were sleeping:
Syne privily I did me hy,
Unto the stable near hand by,
Which is the place wherein I ly,
On hand and feet fast creeping.
51. But oh! I dought not sleep a wink
For drouth, but came back to the brink,
Where that I took a meekle drink,
But it was very bitter.
I trow my hulsie Weg had pisht it,
And up upon the bink had disht it.
Oh, if that I had never touch'd it,
It gart me take the sk...
52. But good John Smith my master dear,
Upon the morn ere day grew clear,
Before his wife he did compear,
And said to her, My Lady.
Rise up I pray you, with good speed,
Hang on the sowings: for indeed,
I trow ye be right scant of bread:
Some hot thing soon make ready.
The wife expecting for none ill,
Rose up, his bidding to fulfill,
With merry heart and right good will,
To make for some provision:
But when she miss the seed away,
She wist not what to do or say,
Cry'd many alace, and will away,
And said, John in derision.

55. I

54. I trow ye cry for your disjoon,
When were ye wont to cry so soon
It is your self this dead hath done,
And that hath made conclusion,
Of all the seeds we got in Worton.
Or else it hath been gleed Will Wortoun,
Ill be his hap and fortune,
Who hath wrought this confusion.
55. When she was making all this mane,
And had him told that all was gane,
A race to her the Earl hath tane,
As fast as he might dicker,
And hit her such a stroak but dread
While he thought that she had been dead,
For he had hit her on the head
A sad stroak and a sicker.
56. So when with a long heavy rung,
I did perceive my Hussie dung,
I lay stone-still, and held my tongue,
And kelloun clos I held me:
For if they had had any feel,
That I had made them such a reel,
The one of them, I wot right well,
But question would have fell'd me.
57 Now this is the worst turn, I say,
That ever I did by night or day;
Wherefor sweet father, I you pray,
Since ye hear my confession,
That in this place before I die,
You grant me pardon chearfully;
For that I wot assuredly
Belongs to your profession.
58. Then spake the Father venerable,
To her this sentence comfortable,
As I a man am trowable,
I say this in submission:

Since

Since ye desire to be remitted.
Of all the faults ye have committed,
(Now surely on the head I hit it)
I grant you full remission.
56. Then was she blyth, and said I think
That I am one begins to wink:
Sweet Father, now take pen and ink,
And write as I command you:
For on my credit, I dar swear,
It was some good thing brought you here
Recorded be the time and year
And day, that ever I found you.
60. And first, write that it pleaseth me,
My body be solemnedly
Laid in that place with honesty,
Where ly my predecessors.
I nominate my Master John,
And his good brother Tom Gillon,
Executors to me alone:
These two are no oppressors.
61. I know they will do nought but right
To me and mine, for many a night
I did them pleasure as I might
Wherefore you may assure them.
For often times I would them tak.
Even as a Chap-man doth his pack,
Upon my silly feeble back.
And through the dubs I bure them,
62. I leave them therefore power all,
To meddle with debts great and smal,
And with all things in general
That any way belangs to me.
First, I am owing to Andro Kid
At the West-port, for six gray bread,
Five shilling, for the which indeed,
He and his wife ov'r gangs me,

and

65. And in my great necessitie,
Tom Linkies wife the furnisht me
As meekle draft, of veritie,
The last day of December,
As by the last count we did make,
Came to five shilling and a plack,
Well counted before old John Black,
If I do right remember.
There is a cankard Carl sikilike,
Whom I have born ov'r many a syke,
They call him Jockie in the Dyke:
(I had almost forgot it)
Some night, when I could not win hame,
To tell the truth, I think no shame,
For draft and satlings to my wame,
Six placks I am addebted.
Now so far as I understand,
I owe no more in a'l this land,
But to a silly Collibrand,
Tom Kid that dwels in Currie;
Upon a time, as he may prove,
An acheson for a remove:
But it was litle for my behove,
I pray nor he may worrie.
66. There is a man they call John Blair
Beside the Howps who makes repair,
Him did I serve seven years and mair,
But I saw never his coinzie:
And in my need and povertie,
Wy sickness and calamitie,
That same Carl never visite me:
Now pox light on his groinzie.
67. The thing to me he is addebted,
I purpose not ov'r high to set it:
It is, if I have not forget it,
by our just calculation,

Three pound, where with, but dilatours,
I ordain my executours,
To gang amongſt my creditours,
And to their contentation,
68. Off the firſt end, right chearfullie
Contene them all with honeſtie,
Leſt afterward they warie me,
When I may not amend it:
And to ſuch as are deſtitute
Of worldly goods, I conſtitute
That all the reſt be diſtribute,
So ſoon's my life is ended.
69. I have not meikle mair heir gear,
In very deed, to ſpeak of here:
But had I liv'd another year,
If folks had been good willie,
I had had more: yet will I ſtate
The thing I have, but any ate,
I have into the Caſtle law,
A Weir, but and a Fillie
70. My will is and I leave the Weirs
To one they call him John Mackirkie.
Becauſe of foot he is not feirie,
And may not deal with travel:
For in his youth that Carl us'd ay
With wenches for to ſport and play,
Wherre through he hath this many a day,
Been troubled with the gravel,
71. I leave the Fillie to John Kilmanie,
An honeſt maſter in Valenie.
The which if it be poor and vanie.
Yet if it be well uſed,
It will do good: oft times ſaid I,
I might have had for it already,
From my ſweet Maſters luckie-deddy,
Five crowns, which was refuſed.

72. my halter, and my four new shoes,
My turf-rapes, curpel, and my tods,
I list not let them gang to ods;
For that indeed would grieve me:
I leave them therefore to Tom Steen,
Who hath his dwelling on Smiddy green:
For many a night right late at even,
That poor man did relieve me.
73. my mane, my tail, and all my hair,
I leave but any process mair,
To Theasy, Moltman, and Tom Blair,
Three fishers of vocation:
For oft times when it would be late,
And might not make no more debate,
These three would lodg me by the gate,
And give me sustentation.
74. I leave my bony, round, white teeth,
To Willie Frissel into Leith;
For on a time when Jenny Keith
with plotted broe betraim'd me;
He fed me in his house, all hail,
Eight wayes, with good flesh, broe and kail,
and often times with bread and ale,
where worst chear might have gain'd me;
75. To honest Antie in Tollingtoun place,
(My blessing light upon her face)
Who was my friend in every case,
I cannot well forget her:
I leave her therefore to her part,
My true, my kind and tender heart;
For into many grief and smart,
Of her I was the better.
76. I leave the treisy within my wame,
With all my heart to Finlay Grame,
It will be better nor swine-seam,
For any wramp or meinzie.

First,

First, shear it smal, and rinde it fine
Into a kettle clean and fint:
It will be good against the pine
Of any wrest or straingie.
77. I leave my liver, puds and tripes
To the two brethren in the Swipes,
Who though they be but greedy gipes,
Yet being ouse in Tramond
Storm-ſtrp, and in great miſerie,
For very hunger like to die,
Did give me lodging chearfullie,
And fed me well with Gamond.
78. My two gray eyes like crystal clear,
Wherefrom great brightnes did appear,
I leave in this my teſtment here,
To silly John Wackwhirrie;
For going wild into the night
Beside Black-bavelaw on the height,
He took me to an ale-houſe right,
And made me to be merrie.
79. I leave my tongue Rhetorical,
My dulce voice, ſweet and muſical,
And all my ſcience natural,
To good ſweet Maſter Watho:
For when I was with Mortoun dogs
Ov'rbladded through their flanks & bogs,
And bad good three dayes in the fogs,
Within the toun of Ratho.
80. He came into a morning ſoon,
And gave contentment long ere noon,
To all to whom I wrong had done,
Sine ſent me with a letter,
With expedition down to Commock,
Where that for to refreſh my ſtomack,
I was receiv'd and fed with drammock
Eight dayes, and with the better.

91. I leave

81. I leave my head to Sandy Wardie,
A man whereof I think him worthie:
For once whence that I took the flurdie,
That man but any grudging,
Wade me great succour and supply,
And used me right tenderly,
And gave me food abundantly,
Two weeks within his lodging.
82. I leave to Claud in Hermistoun,
For his bounteth and warisoun,
My hide with my brade bennisoun.
To be a pair of bellies;
For when he found me lying sick
At Goger bridge, and dought not speak,
Upon his back he did me cleik,
And bore me to Laird Skeldies.
83. To these fellows of Collingtoun,
Who brought me to contention,
I leave them my black malisoun,
For here I do protest it.
If these men had licenciat me
To have had byding two nights or three:
Amongst the broom, where quietly,
I might have lyen and rested:
84. I had not then with every lown,
With every Butcher up and down,
Been blasted so from town to town;
Nor yet had such oppression;
Nor yet had been in such a blunder,
Nor made of such a worlds wonder:
I wish mae mischiefs nor a hunder,
On them and their successions.
85. now, sweet Sir Thomas earnestly,
I pray you, let me here and see,
If that my Will and Legacie
Be done as I directed:

For

For some suspicion even now bred I,
That you are grievd luckie-Daddy,
In that I have dispatched already
My goods, and you neglected.
86. But surely, Sir, the reason why
That I did so, and set you by,
It was indeed, because that I
Knew not that you were needy.
And next again, as reason shews,
I did it for another cause,
Which is, that all the world knows,
That such men are not greedy.
87. To whom Sir Thomas soberly
Did answer make, and said, Truly
all things as ye commanded me,
Are orderly performed:
Therefore of that take ye no care.
And of that matter speak no mair:
Think on your sickness and your fair;
As for your gear I quite it,
88. Then for final conclusion,
This poor Beast on her knees fell down,
And said, Sir, for my benisoun,
Shue Death thinks to betray me:
And since I clearly do perceive
That of my breath, and all the lave
Of the five senses that I have,
Death threatens to bewray me,
89. I you beseech most earnestly,
Of your gentrice and courtesie.
To go to Bavelaw soon for me.
And there with expedition.
Shew to John Smith my Master dear,
That I am sore sick lying here,
At point of death, and dow not stear
And make him requisition,

90. For to come down peremptorlie,
The morn about two hours or three,
To Gorgie-mill, where publicklie
I will repeat this sentence,
That I dare say, in veritie,
It were great pleasure unto me,
That we should meet before I die,
For honest old acquaintance,
91 Sir Tomas then began to clatter,
And told that he would no wayes flatter;
But plainly to her show the matter,
She said to her, My Dearie,
Ly still and rest you toc I think,
That I shal neither eat nor drink,
Norwich mine eyes shal sleep a wink,
Though I were ne're so wearie,
62. Whilst all and whole your last direction
Be done and ended but defection:
Then unto Pluto his protection,
He heartfully bequeath'd her:
And ran to Bavelaw with good will,
Brought down John Smith to Gorgie-mill,
Who so soon as he came her till,
Into his arms he caught her,
93. And said, alace for evermair,
That I should see thee lying there
So comfortless, both sick and sair,
So helpless, poor, and needy:
So bruis'd and birs'd so black and blae:
So ill demaimed from top to tae,
Alace, that I should leave thee sae
Fy, is there no remedy,
94. Alace, for evermore alace,
This is a dolozous doleful case
To mt to see that well favor'd face,
And countenance so guided

Now

Now where are thoſe two clear bright een
Into thy head which I have ſeen,
That now are ſo made yellow and green:
  Oh, I cannot abide it.
95. Oh. and alace, and harmes ay;
Dolour and dool fell me this day:
What ſhal I either do or ſay;
  This is a doolful meeting,
To whom this Beast with voice moſt weak,
Said Maſter my heart do not break,
Let ſorrow be, ſome comfort take,
  I dow not bide your greeting.
96. Your ſighs, your ſobs, your mourning ſair
Doth nothing but augment my care:
Therefore deſiſt, and morn na mair,
  With greeting ye are wracked:
And ſince that ye withoutten ſwither,
To viſite me are come down hither.
Be blyth and let us drink together.
  For mourning will not make it,
97. And ſince, ſweet Maſter, that ye ſee
That here is nought but death for me,
I pray you, take it patiently,
  Since there is no redemption:
And I do make you ſupplication,
To carry home my commendation,
To all and whole the Congregation
  Of Currie, but exemption.
98. As for my goods, they are elſe divided,
No part thereof is undecided,
Except my ſp'rit: and that to guide it,
  I leave the King of Fairy,
Perpetually for to remain
In wilderneſs with his great train,
And never to come back again.
  But in his Court to tarry.

99 This

99. This speech thus ended she, sat down
All Comfortless, and fell in swoun,
Where she in that great passion,
Both heartless, faint and weary,
With a great exclamation,
To Pluto making invocation,
Did yeeld her sp'rit but molestation.
Thus ended John Smiths Weirie,
100. Now have ye heard the Tragedy,
The latter Will and Legecy
Of this Weir, and the certainty,
When where, and how she ended
Which though it be both gross and rude,
And of all Eloquence denud
Yet, Sirs, imbrac't as it were good,
For I took pains to mend it.

FINIS.

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